



FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#63
MAR

FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE PGC

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

SEE THE
**FIENDISH
HANDS OF
ORLAC!**

FEATURING
PETER LORRE
CHRISTOPHER LEE
AND OTHER **FAMOUS
FRIGHTENING
FACES!**

SEE
KARLOFF IN
RARE MAKE-UP
**FRANKENSTEIN
PHOTOS!**

50c





Before Your Very Eyes (and we know you have three of them) in the fiendishly fab feature within called **MARY'S AMAZING MONSTER** you'll see mild-mannered **BORIS KARLOFF** become the wild-mannered **FRANKENSTEIN!** A selection of make-up fotos you'll call "classic" and a feature article that new filmmaker fans of 1975 will be begging us to reprint because **YOU** will have been raving about it for the next 5 years! You can read all about it now, starting on Page 18.

Ackerman



FRANKEN- ZINSKI MEETS DRACULA

FRANKENZINSKI?

ORAC with specs?

Editor Ackerman in specs macabre menu as FM fan Tony Brzezinski says, "Food... good!" (Incidentally—suit, vest, tie, cape worn by Editor were once part of BELA LUGOSI'S own ORACULA wardrobe.)

We suggest YOU inspect this issue at once for such exciting features as:

PETER LORRE & CHRISTOPHER LEE, with pix of both, in the handpicked Filmbook on THE HANDS OF ORLAC...

A Fiendish Foto Album that's one of the Best Selections in Ages in YOU AXED FOR IT...

NEWS that will refuse to let you sleep...

And—best of all—BORIS KARLOFF is back in a Behind the Scenes Make-up sensation called MARY'S AMAZING MONSTERS that we predict you will call Classic!

Marrow Christmas & Harpy New Decade!

FORREST ACKERMAN



THIS ISSUE dedicated to RONALD V. BORST, star of stage, screen & elevator (that's an inside joke—but being trapped inside one with Reader Ron wasn't. In fact, he threatened not to let me out unless I agreed to dedicate a future issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS to him.)

So I'm keeping my promise to you, Ron: I'll dedicate a future issue of FM to you. Not this one but a future one. Sometime when you've done even more for the magazine than you have recently—when you've sent more news & reviews & suggestions . . . and directions on how to find the 13th floor in a building that skips from 12 to 14.

In the meantime this will give you a preview of what your dedication will look like, should I ever decide to run it. It will include THANKS for many kind & appreciative deeds.—Editor

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

You may think it strange to hear from a 19-year-old but I have always enjoyed your magazine since the day my father first brought home a copy many years ago. As I will be



WANTED! More Readers Like "JUNIOR" BORGES

going in the service shortly, and have grown up in a world full of too much sorrow and

not enough joy, your magazine provides me with a great deal of pleasure all too rare in this generation. I would be deeply honored if you would publish my picture and the letter written herein.

"JUNIOR" BORGES
Malden, Mass.

● Glad there's no generation gap between us, "Junior". And, if it's of any consolation to you, Old Sgt. Ack-Ack of World War II wishes you the best of luck and hopes you'll be back safe & sound.

KONG RECORD TOPPLES!

Just a short note to tell you what a terrific mag you have and to let you know that I have passed Harryhausen's KING KONG mark of seeing this great flick. I have seen it 200 times and intend to see it more. You weren't bad either in THE TIME TRAVELLERS.

RICHARD ROYERE
Tampa, Fla.

● Sorry about that—I tried my worst.

OUR YOUNGEST FAN

Since we were both fans of FM before we were married, thought you might be interested to learn we have created a new fan for you. Of course, you'll have to wait another 5 years or so until you hear from her—unless you want to pick up the phone and listen to her—but this is to announce the birth on 19 Oct. 69 of future filmmonster fan Roquel Cheri Hanson.

BRUCE & PAM HANSON
Laurel, Calif.

● Better record that young lady's first hollers—you may have the Fay Wray of 1930! And if she gives you any

trouble don't tell her about the boogie man—tell her about the Ackemonster.

WANTED! More Readers Like



HASSAN NEALS

4th OF JULY IN JANUARY

You have started off your Jan. 1970 issue with a bang. Fangs a lot for part 1 of MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, a remarkable filmbook, if you don't mind my saying so. The pictures make the movie sound so scary, I can't bear it that

WANTED! More Readers Like



DALE ARAKI

I've never seen it. I know Bela Lugosi and Tod Browning and just about everybody else connected with this classic are gone but I hope some day I can meet Countess Mora, other-

wise known as Carroll Borland. I give up on the Mystery Photo. He (the giant) looks like someone I once saw in a Harold Lloyd comedy but I'm not sure. I sure was surprised to find out the previous Mystery person was Boris Karloff's daughter! She's beautiful enough to be a movie star herself!

LENNY MARKTON
Southfield, NY

● And sweet enough to be—Boris Karloff's daughter!



Photo by Roy Lavender

DR. ACKULA MEETS
KATHY "VAMPIRELLA"
BUSHMAN

HOW THE TREE-MAN DIED

You raised the question of whether it was a bullet or a dagger that killed the walking tree in FROM HELL IT CAME. In fact, it was both. The tree had been walking around with the dagger, which had failed to kill him when he was in human form, implanted in his chest. All that was needed was to fire a bullet at the dagger in such a way that it would be driven deeper into the tree's chest.

BOB SHAW
Lafayette, Calif.



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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



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SHUDDER-BUG CAPTURES "DARK SHADOWS" CREW
Left to Right, front row: JONATHAN FRID (holding copy of FM with BARNABAS COLLINS on cover) ... Grayson Hall (Dr. Julia Hoffman) ... FM fan Ron Barry of WEST radio (Easton, Pa.)—and Humbert Allen Astredo (Nicholas Blair). Back row: Robt. Costello (producer) ... Roger Davis (Jeff Clark) ... and Robt. Rodan (Adam).

APPARENTLY HE LIKED IT
There were 48 pages, 52 illustrations and I don't know how many billion words in your unbelievably fantastic FRANK-ENSTEIN Filmbook.

STEPHEN PAKE
St. Louis, Mo.

PROD OF POE

The ads for SPIRITS OF THE DEAD infuriated me. "Only the tortured genius of EDGAR ALLAN POE could conceive this orgy of Horror & Evil." Mr. Poe was a Marylander and I was flabbergasted to see his good name downgraded.

ANTHONY MALANOWSKI
Baltimore, Md.

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LURKING AHEAD

future fiendish films to make you slab-happy

**scare 'em much, son
of scaramouche**

VAMPIRE is flexing its wings & sharpening its teeth, the better to make a deep impression on you when released soon on a screaming world by Erica Productions.

And after you TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA, courtesy of Christopher Lee, you may wish to consult THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND. Hardly has the latter film been completed when the announcement comes that it's to have a sequel: RETURN TO THE HORRORS OF BLOOD ISLAND.



Dr. Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) disposing of a body in Hammer's Fifth Frankenstein film, **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED!**



THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND does his thing.

It's all enough to make you **SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN**—and Vincent Price intends to help you, with the ever-welcome assistance of Peter Cushing.

DEATHSHEAD VAMPIRE, which was to have starred the late Basil Rathbone, was made with Peter Cushing instead, and final title is **THE VAMPIRE BEAST CRAVES BLOOD**. It's to be co-featured at most drive-ins & walk-ins with **CURSE OF THE BLOOD GHOULS**.

DOCTORS WEAR SCARLET, first published 10 years ago, was a kind of "sleeper" among vampire novels, and has now had a \$2 million treatment as a film featuring (you'll say hurry) Peter Cushing. "Beware!" the publishers warned their readers. "This is a novel of horror—about a man's passion for a dazlingly beautiful Greek girl—a passion which slowly turns into a *fiendish nightmare*! All who knew of her shuddered at the mere mention of her name. Priestess of an ancient cult, she preyed upon the souls & bodies of her victims, so that little by little they were destroyed, *Grotesquely*."

In case you missed **BLOODBATH** when it originally teamed theatrically with **QUEEN OF BLOOD** (the latter known as **PLANET OF BLOOD** on TV), the former can soon be seen on terrorvision under the new title of **TRACK OF THE VAMPIRE**.

Christopher Lee plays a *seaside* vampire in **THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN** and a cameo of Count Dracula himself in "Son" of **SALT & PEPPER**, in which Cushing is also cameo'd as Dr. Frankenstein.

Both Lon Chaney Jr. & J. Carrol Naish do a bit of gnashing in **THE BLOOD SEEKERS** and the next Bloch-buster from Robert the Ripper will be **THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD**.

on the sci-fi side

On the lighter, less bloody side of the fantascreeen, science fiction films to be seen in the future include:

CHANGE OF MIND and **THE MIND OF MR. SOAMES**...



The famous dragon-blood scene seen in SIEGFRIED, once again playing special engagements throughout the United States together with METROPOLIS.



From FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED, a head rolls out of a bucket during a fight in the laboratory.



Boy, when that MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND gets mad he stays mad!

IMPLOSION and EXPLOSION . . .
WHEN THE WORLD CRACKED OPEN and
CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT . . .
RAIDERS OF THE STONE RINGS and
WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH . . .
CAPTAIN NEMO and THE FLOATING
CITY and LATITUDE ZERO . . .
MOON ZERO TWO and MAROONED . . .

And a whole bunch of Really Big Ones including
STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, WHEN
THE KISSING HAD TO STOP, THE ANDRO-
MEDA STRAIN, SKULLDUGGERY, a GEO.
PAL/H. G. WELLS project, CHILDHOOD'S
END, A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ and
MASTER OF TIME.

But the end is not yet:

TROG . . . ASTRO-ZOMBIES . . . SLAVE TO
A FAR PLANET . . . COLOSSUS 1980 . . . PANIC
AT 1075 . . . WHEN THE WORLD CRACKED
OPEN—!

TUNNEL BENEATH THE WORLD.

(p)reviews of things unclaming

Depending on what part of the country you live
in, the following picture reports by Mark A. Brad-
ford will come to you either as previews or reviews.
Either way, we think you'll enjoy them. **THE
BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE.**

The latest in the long line of treatments of the
Dracula legend, one of the best thing it's got go-
ing for it is John Carradine, famous for his
portrayal of Dracula in **HOUSE OF FRANKEN-
STEIN**, **HOUSE OF DRACULA** and, less notably,
BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA. Tho he does
not play Dracula in this particular picture, his
presence adds immensely to the story's atmosphere.

Carradine is cast in the role of an aging butler
in the remote castle of Dracula (Alex D'Arcy) and
his vampire companion (Paula Raymond). Ac-
tually, the castle does not belong to Dracula at all:
when the picture opens, a commercial photogra-
pher who is taking pictures of his fiancee receives
a telegram to the effect that he has inherited the
castle from his late uncle. O'Shane & Barbara de-
cide to visit the castle, and give the tenants
(D'Arcy & Paula Raymond) notice to move.

During the first night of their stay at the castle,
O'Shane & Barbara hear noises which go unex-
plained. The next morning, they meet Robert Dix
who, just having been bribed out of prison, has a
peculiar lust to kill when the moon is full.

Later wandering thru the castle, O'Shane &
Barbara are shocked to find several girls chained
to an underground wall. One of the girls informs
them that D'Arcy & Paula are vampires.

All this time Carradine has been sliding in & out
of dark corridors, dark haseament chambers & the
stark, cathedral-like livingroom.

After O'Shane & Barbara witness a moonlit,



Jane Fonda in a sequel to *Barbarella*? No... It's Jane, though, as she appears in **FANTASTIC TALES**, 5 great stories by Edgar Allan Poe, starring Jane and Brigitte Bardot



A scene from **THE BODY STEALERS**, a new film from England, starring George Sanders and Maurice Evans.

cliffside ceremony in which Vickie is sacrificed, they free the remaining girls and escape from the grounds.

Some who see **THE BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE** may be pleasantly surprised. Altho the story itself isn't particularly unfamiliar in format, the quality of the production effects makes the impact of the suspense built throughout the story felt quite well. The color is also an asset. The picture lasts 84 minutes and is rated M.

On the other half of the double bill with **THE BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE** is **NIGHTMARE IN WAX**. Tho perhaps not quite as good as the former, **NIGHTMARE IN WAX** should prove engrossing entertainment for most horror fans. This film puts one in mind of **MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM** and **HOUSE OF WAX** and was filmed largely at America's world-famous Movieland Wax Museum.

The story involves a Hollywood make-up man (Cameron Mitchell) whose face has been scarred in an accident caused by studio chief Berry Kroeger. Mitchell then has to earn his living in a wax museum.

Four of Kroeger's most famous stars mysteriously disappear and each time Mitchell comes up with a wax figure of the person for his museum.

Eventually Mitchell lures Kroeger to the museum and gives him a doped drink. Kroger then learns to his horror that the figures are *alive*, being kept paralyzed by injections! When Kroeger confronts Mitchell with the knowledge, Mitchell prepares to toss Kroeger into a burning vat of wax, but . . . the ending won't be revealed here.

The film is in color, lasts 95 minutes and is rated M.

last minute noose

Cry for happy: Vincent Price is making **CRY OF THE BANSHEES**.

HP Lovecraft's **DUNWICH** has been completed.

Coming on television:

A 90-minute anti-war story of aliens on Earth, **SIXTH COLUMN**.

Ray Milland in **DAUGHTER OF THE MIND**.

THE IMMORTAL as a series.

1999.



HOTEL

--where the guests are ghosts!

Hand of horror turns
guest into ghost
at ghastly hotel.





The village cutups, a couple of real knife people.

village of the dead

PROFESSOR" Christopher Lee, doctor of deviltry, sends innocent young student Venetia Stevenson to her eventual doom when she comes to him for advice on the history & practice of Black Magic in America.

"Whitewood is the town for you," he tells her. "This little village in Massachusetts has a heavy heritage of witchcraft." Salem was more famous—or infamous—in the dark dread days of witch-hunts & witch-burnings but it is in little known Whitewood, he assures her, that a residue of witchcraft still resides.

Venetia's brother, professor Dennis Lotis, derides Lee's recommendation, and student Tom Naylor, who is fond of Venetia, finds the odd notion of her delving into witchcraft obnoxious.

Nevertheless, Venetia sets out for the CITY OF THE DEAD (as the film was called in England) . . . and her involuntary date with death.

"just ring for doom service"

This film, one of the early efforts (1963) of Milton Subotsky, who was later to give you THE SKULL, DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS and the brand new DEADLY BEES—this film was the picture which introduced the famous

catchline about "doom service".

Venetia arrives in Whitewood to find it laden with an atmosphere of brooding evil, a strange decaying town, like something out of Lovecraft.

The only hotel may have once been the local version of Grand Hotel but it now more resembles Grand Guignol.

The proprietress of the inn is Patricia Jessel. The inn is headquarters for witches & warlocks. All manner of diabolical things go on in the inn behind locked doors.

From the moment she arrives, Venetia is marked to become one of the Inn Group.

"the blood is the life"

Altho no one would guess it, the inn's owner is 300 years old.

Blood has been her vitamins.

Herself a witch, she is in league with the Devil, and periodically makes sacrifices to his Satanic Majesty in order to prolong her own life.

In the blood of Venetia she sees a renewal of her longevity.

A blind minister, Norman Macowan, senses the evil in Whitewood and in Patricia Jessel. "Go, girl!" he warns Venetia. "Leave, before it is too late. This town is in the hands of the Devil and his disciples. They will destroy your body to get your soul."

But Venetia is too modern-minded to fear witchcraft—and for this she pays with her life.



At the mercy of the merciless devil worshipers.

And someone forgot to call the Fire Department!





Burned, Witch, Burned!

On Candlemas Eve the foolhardy Venetia spies on the rites of the devil cult, is caught—and made a human sacrifice by Patricia Jessel and her coven of 13.

victims of evil

The minister's daughter, Betta St. John, fearing for the safety of Venetia (and not knowing it is too late to save her), tells the father & boyfriend of Venetia of her fears. Shortly after, her own father is found dying.

With his last breath, the blind minister tells Venetia's father: "The cross—the shadow of a cross. Catch those devils together in the cemetery and throw the shadow of a cross over them. It will—" And he is dead.

Betta herself is kidnaped by the witches & warlocks and taken to the nearby cemetery for sacrifice. To our surprise & horror we see that one of the black-cowled figures is—*Christopher Lee!*

at war with the witches

The Witching Hour approaches. The dark disciples of demonic powers gather

about the captive girl, preparing to offer up her soul to the devil.

A knife's keen edge poised at her throat, she trembles in helpless terror.

The clock begins to chime the 12 tones of midnight.

The evil 13 begin their incantation that can destroy.

At the last moment, Professor Lotis & Tom Naylor, acting on the advice of the dead minister, save Betta from the blasphemous fate—and all the fire & brimstone of the Devil cheated break loose as Satan rains the fires of Hell on those witches & warlocks who have failed him.

The cemetery becomes a pandemonium of shrieking figures, flaming bodies, smoking shrouds, as the dying devotees of evil crash blindly into each other in their pain & agony.

After it is over, Patricia Jessel's charred body is found back at the hotel, behind the clerk's desk of the inn.

And above the dead body our attention focuses on a plaque on the wall which reveals that she was burned to death as a witch on the same site—in 1692.

Said one reviewer: *A spine-chilling melodrama enhanced by eerie setting, ace production & direction, as well as competent performances by the entire cast. In spots, truly horrific!*

END

MARY'S AMAZING...

MONSTER



**the Shelleystein creature
is alive and-- well?--in
just about EVERYWHERE!**

frankenstein 1970!

The immortal horror.

Conceived 1816, born 1818, alive today—152 years later!

Mother: Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley—teen-ager!

Father of the baroque brain-child: Lord Byron, who proposed to Mary (before he proposed marriage) that she & he & two literary friends present on a cold stormy night in his home in the Swiss Alps near Geneva, should "each write a ghost story."

The ghastly spectre that young Mary conjured up has haunted the mind of mankind for more than a century and a half and threatens to thrill readers, film watchers & tele-viewers yet unborn. One need not have the uncanny eye to the future of a Verne or Wells or Clarke or Bradbury or Heinlein to predict that in the 21st century, via rocket, Frankenstein will have emigrated and become a boogie word in the hubble-domes of the Moon & Mars.



The Men Who Made A Monster—the late great make-up genius JACK PIERCE begins by working on the rubber covering which was to form the top of the monster's skull in *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*.



Pierce applying 5" collodion scar. Make-up for *SON* was a pale deathly green for the features; hair jet black with green streaks; and scars—blood-red.

"prehistoric frankensteins"

There was a remarkable rash of plays about Frankenstein for all the rest of the 19th century after the book was published.

In 1902 a film of only a few minutes duration was made called *FRANKENSTEIN'S TRESTLE*, an unfortunate selection of title for Frankenstein buffs because, frankly, it was eventually discovered that the picture had nothing to do with our Frankenstein but was simply a bit of railroad footage shot in a little Eastern town that apparently no longer exists.

The first known *real* *FRANKENSTEIN* film was the Edison production of 1910 wherein the monster had a face white as flour from which deeply blackened eyes glowered insanely, a head of hair that would have won First Prize at a hippy parade, a twisted mouth, the bulging matted chest of a Quasimodo and furry claws that looked like they belonged to a mummified Nosferatu.

Five years later the next known version of "Frankenstein" reached the screen, this time under the unusual title of *LIFE WITHOUT SOUL*. Critic Peter Milne reported at the time: A medical student creates a near-human body in the shape of a big brute man who is blessed with the ordinary senses of a human being but who has few brains and not the slightest vestige of a human soul. The student suffers terribly for his invention. The brute man thoughtlessly murders his sister, murders his best friend, murders his wife and so exhausts his creator that he expires. Edward Weitzel wrote: Great diversity of incidents & scenes . . . views of deep chasms . . . wild glades . . . desert sands & the ocean's wide expanse . . . intermingled

with glimpses of the young scientist bending over his creation in his laboratory. Percy Darrell Standing's embodiment of the man without a soul is awe-inspiring but never grotesque and indicates the gradual unfolding of the creature's senses & understanding with convincing skill. At times he actually awakes sympathy for the monster's condition—cut off, as he is, from all human companionship.

frankenstein—italian style!

Our Italian Correspondent Luigi Cozzi first informed us of the first known European picturization of Mary Shelley's classic, since confirmed by Jean Pierre Bouyxou of France, Georges L. Coume of Belgium and Luis Gasca of Spain. It was the Italian production of 1920, *FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER*!—(*Il Mostro di Frankenstein*).

more familiar frankensteins

We now move into more familiar territory. The *FRANKENSTEIN* of Karloff-Pierce-Whale, 1931 (Alto Willis "Kong" O'Brien wanted to make an *animated* *FRANKENSTEIN* directly following the success of *THE LOST WORLD* in 1925!)

The admirable sequel of 1935, *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. About this time, Ed Payson as the monster in a 3D short subject from MGM, *THIRD DIMENSIONAL MURDER*.

1939—*SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* and a spoof from an amateur outfit called Pixilated Pictures.

1941—A brief appearance for the monster in



Part of the 5-hour process of turning man into monster: Pierce refines work on the famous facial scar of the creature "from the graves, the gallows."



Pierce applies the metal clips which hold the monster's skull together. Inside that formidable dame a criminal brain lies sleeping, waiting to be awakened to a life of terror.

HELLZAPOPPIN.

1942—THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN.

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN (1943) . . . HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN & HOUSE OF DRACULA (1945) . . . ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN (1948) . . .

And in 1952 the first *Frankenstein*, a short farce called *Torticola Centre Frankensberg*, which translates approximately as TWISTED NECK VS. YOU-KNOW-WHO. Incidentally, it is interesting to realize that the monster was played by Michel Piccoli, an actor who now enjoys an international reputation. This information was first revealed to *FAMOUS MONSTERS* when Fritz Lang brought Monsieur Piccoli to visit the editor in his home.

1953—A bit appearance in ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE.

the "new" frankensteins

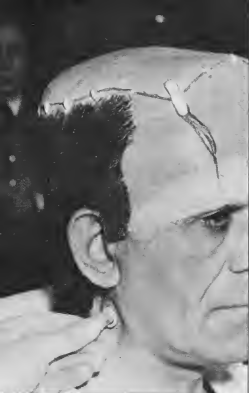
Chris Lee made his filmmonster debut in 1957 in the first color version, THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Same year, Herman Cohen started the youth-oriented craze with I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, and boxing champ Primo Carnero starred in an hour long video version live & color on TV's Matinee Theater.

In 1958 there was a Frankenstein rush as the screen broke out with REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, with Peter Cushing as the benighted baron . . . HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER from AIP . . . and, Boris Karloff playing the creator rather than the created, FRANKENSTEIN—1970.

the frankenstein legend

FAMOUS MONSTER is privileged, now, to present to you excerpts from a manuscript in progress, a book by Donald F. Glut whose working title is "The Frankenstein Legend: A Tribute to Mary Shelley and Boris Karloff". Glut, who contributed to the currently on-sale paperback *Frankenscience Monster*, tells us his book will be "a non-fiction definitive work on Frankenstein legends, literature, theater, films, radio, TV, books, comics, toys, etc." Glut himself has made any number of amateur Frankenstein films, including *Frankenstein Meets Dracula*, *Return of the Wolf Man*, *Revenge of Dracula*, *The Frankenstein Story*, *Return of the Monster Maker*, *The Teenage Frankenstein*, *Slave of the Vampire*, *I Was A Teenage Apeman*, *The Teenage Frankenstein Meets the Teenage Werewolf*, *Monster Rumble* and *The Adventures of the Spirit*—the latter with a Guest Appearance of Glenn Strange as the Monster!

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN marked Christopher Lee's last appearance in a movie about Mary Shelley's Monster. For Peter Cushing as Baron Victor Frankenstein, however, it was a beginning. Hammer Films, putting aside the original creation, expanded the concept into a series. The first sequel was THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1958), which featured a new man-made man, perfect until violence turned him into a monstrous cannibal. A third film, EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN (1964), seemed to be a sequel to a Frankenstein film that was never made, recounting instances that had not taken place in either of its



One of the world-famous electrodes! If ever auctioned, probably worth its weight in gold!

"What's this?" frowns Jack Pierce. "Why, my monster's not dry yet behind the ears!"

predecessors. Since Universal released the picture, the make-up was changed from that established by Lee to a sloppy square-headed Monster that failed to convince or scare.

The next Hammer effort, **FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN** (1966), took the eccentric Baron out of the limb-transplanting business and graduated him to the area of soul transference. Through his efforts, a once homely servant girl was transformed into a beautiful yet possessed killer.

The latest in the series from Hammer is **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED!** (1969), in which the Baron-scientist is back to his original tricks—brain transplants and the revival of corpses. The next in the series will be **HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN**.

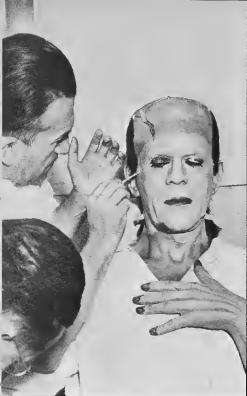
On a vacation from the Hammer series, Peter Cushing did a guest spot—along with Christopher Lee as Count Dracula—in **ONE MORE TIME**, a 1969 comedy produced by Jerry Lewis.

The fact that **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** was a success prompted other studios to return to the Frankenstein fold. In 1958 was released one of the worst movies of all time, the Astor disaster **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**,

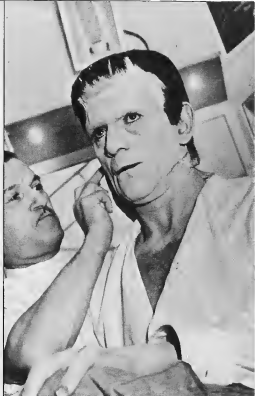
with another descendant of the infamous scientist creating a supposedly female horror that did little more than stiffly lumber about one of the cheapest laboratory sets in the history of the talkies.

Worse than **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**, though, was Allied Artists' **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER** (1964). "Frankenstein" in this one was a man-like robot cleverly named Frank, so that when his face was destroyed later in the picture he could be renamed you-know-what. The Space Monster was a hulking creature locked up in an alien spacecraft, inhabited by a supposedly sexy woman from another planet, a chalk-faced man with pointy ears and a rubber "bald head", and a crew of aliens wearing dime store astronaut helmets.

1965 saw a number of movies utilizing Mary Shelley's theme. **JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** from Embassy Pictures, had the infamous outlaw tangling with another of the original scientist's descendants, who promptly gave his giant partner an artificial brain and turned him into a monster. Japan's Toho Films gave us **FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD** (Japanese title: *Furankenshutain tai*



Partially completed Monster casts evil eye as assistant make-up man Bill Ely.



Pierce puts finishing touches on a head make-up for the last time Karl Laff played the Monster in a movie film.

Baragon), with the heart of the famous monster developing into a whole being, which in turn grew into a colossus large enough to battle one of the studio's numerous prehistoric reptiles. (Toho's *Furankenshutain no Kaiju*, retitled for release as *Sanda tai Gailah* and seen in the U.S. as *THE WAR OF THE GARGANTUAS* in 1966, starred two enormous man-like monsters Sanda & Gailah, somewhat resembling Frankenstein's creation, battling to the death and destroying Tokyo in the process. A third film, *THE FRANKENSTEIN BROTHERS*, was slated for filming in 1966 starring Tab Hunter but the project was abandoned.

Universal Pictures, the studio that started the sound era Frankenstein series, returned in 1966 with their TV family of retired classic creatures in *MUNSTER, GO HOME!*, taking Herman and his brood to England to claim an inheritance.

Karl Laff returned—or at least his voice returned—in 1967 to dub the words of an animated puppet of Dr. Frankenstein in Embassy Pictures' delightful *MAD MONSTER PARTY?*. This extremely well done juvenile slanted film also featured the Frankenstein Monster, his Bride (with the likeness and voice of Phyllis Diller, and a horde of

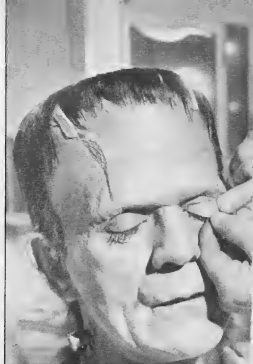
horrors. That same year, the Monster made a guest appearance—with virtually everybody—in Columbia's confusing James Bond epic, *CASINO ROYALE*.

In 1968, a cartoon Ringo Starr threw a switch and brought life to the Monster, which changed its shape into the form of John Lennon in the Beatles' animated feature, *YELLOW SUBMARINE*.

Mexican horror films continue to imitate the "old style" entries of American studios, including movies using the Frankenstein characters and concept. *ORLAK, THE HELL OF FRANKENSTEIN* (*Oriak, El Infierno de Frankenstein*) gave the creation a robot-controlled head, concealing a face which later melted. The Monster was lampooned in *THE CASTLE OF THE MONSTERS* (*El Castillo de los Monstruos*) and *FRANKENSTEIN*, (correct spelling—no middle "n") *THE VAMPIRE & CO.* (*Frankenstein, el Vampiro y Cia.*) The name "Frankenstein" appeared in the credits of *THE INFERNAL SPIDERS* (*Aranas Infernales*), which starred the super-hero Blue Demon. A very Universal Monster did a guest appearance in *MRS. DEATH* (*La Senora Muerte*), which featured John Carradine, and turned up as a wax dummy in



Even the Pierce is in the process of giving him a very life-like gosh, Karloff doesn't exactly seem to be in stitches.



Form-fitting artificial eyelids are skillfully added to Boris Karloff's own lids to give him that sinister monstrous look.

SAMSON IN THE WAX MUSEUM (*Santo en el Museo de Cera*). Two other such films from Mexico were *THE TESTAMENT OF FRANKENSTEIN* (*El Testamento de Frankenstein*), 1964, and *COUNT FRANKENSTEIN* (*Conde Frankenstein*).

Spain has given us *TIAPACA* (1958), in which a group of people decide to make three films. One of these, *Una de Miedo* (A HORROR STORY), is a satire on *FRANKENSTEIN*.

The *Frankenstein* Monster has made appearances in various forms in a number of motion pictures. Actors dressed as the Monster lived the plots of *HAVING A WILD WEEKEND* (British title: *CATCH US IF YOU CAN*), 1965, with Robin Bailey in the Universal-like guise; also in this line was a masked actor in *THE CANDIDATE* (1966). The monster was in a dream sequence of the 1958 Italian film, *ISABELL, A DREAM . . .* was on a billboard in *GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM* (1964) . . . appeared as a life-sized dummy in *GHOST IN THE INVISIBLE BIKINI* (1966) and as a model kit in *MENTO* (1968).

A number of "Audits Only" *Frankenstein* films have been released. These, for the record, include: *HOUSE ON BARE MOUNTAIN* (1962), *KISS ME QUICK* (1963) with Frank Coe as the Monster, *Sezy Proibitissimo* (English title: *THE*

MOST PROHIBITED SEX), a 1964 film with a bald Monster somewhat patterned after the Universal make-up; *ANGELIC FRANKENSTEIN* (1964), *FRANKENSTEIN CHERIE* (1967), *Pour Messieurs Seuls* (*FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY*, 1967) and *FRANKENSTEIN DE SADE* (1969).

Many films have incorporated stock footage from the Universal *Frankenstein* movies, including *THE MUMMY'S TOMB*; *WAY . . . WAY OUT*; *SWEET CHARITY*; *THE WORLD OF ABBOTT & COSTELLO*; and *SILENT NIGHT, LONELY NIGHT* (World Premiere). The TV version of *DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL* used scenes from *FRANKENSTEIN*—1970. *LOLITA* used shots from *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. *EN-SIGN PULVER* utilized scenes from *THE WALKING DEAD*, a 1936 Warner Brothers *Frankenstein*-like film with Karloff as a corpse returned to life by laboratory apparatus. The footage was re-edited with new scenes and retitled *YOUNG DR. JEKYLL MEETS FRANKENSTEIN*.

A 1967 Belgian magazine announced four future *Frankenstein* films. It is unknown whether or not these were ever actually made: *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE BLACK WOMAN*, *I WAS A LITTLE FRANKENSTEIN*, *HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN* (not the Hammer) and *HOUSE OF*

ALL MONSTERS.

A list of Frankenstein films that were announced but never made includes: KING KONG vs. FRANKENSTEIN, MARTIAN FRANKENSTEIN, FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE (see FM #3 for plot), THE MARK OF DRACULA (cast with FJA; about a Frankenstein-vampire), BLOOD OF FRANKENSTEIN, FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE, and THE SCARAB, featuring Sherlock Holmes, Jack the Ripper, Dr. Jekyll, and Dr. Frankenstein (without his Monster), and scripted by Jim Harmon author of the book "The Great Radio Heroes". (Ed. Note: At least one version of FRANKENSTEIN has been broadcast on radio—James Mason played Victor Frankenstein, the creator, if memory serves right—and Don Megowan was seen in yet another impression of the monster in the TV pilot of *Tales of Frankenstein*. Many more interesting facts such as these will undoubtedly be included in Glut's book when

completed & published. For instance, Glut tells me of a British film made in the 40s about the career of a young actress—like an English Shirley Temple—and during a scene in a movie studio commissary, an actor in the make-up of the Frankenstein Monster commented that he was acting like Boris Karloff. The title is not known at this time and it is hoped that some knowledgeable reader will be able to supply it. Just write Frankenstein c/o Fang Mail, this magazine. Thank you—FJA.)

Glut concludes:

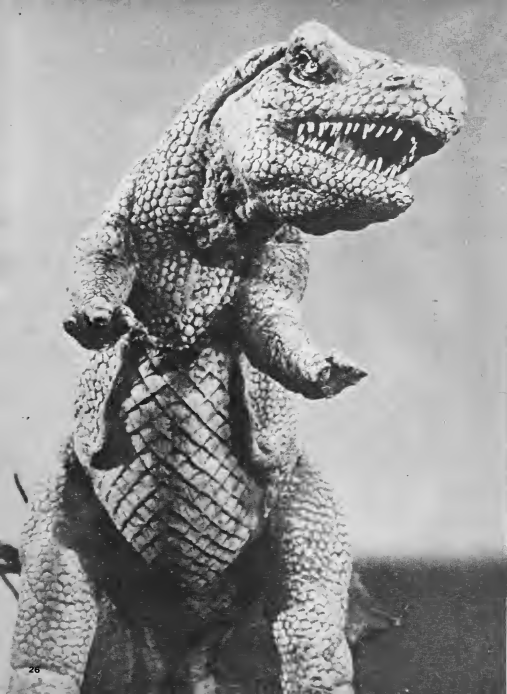
Mary Shelley's patchwork creation has lumbered through films from the days in which audiences couldn't hear him grunt, through a time when he both grunted and spoke, to the present, where his popularity seems as endless as his conception. He lives, walks, sparked by the breath of laboratory-induced energy.

Frankenstein's Monster will not die—as long as there are films & fans.

NOT THE END



Celebrating his 51st birthday (and not looking a day over 150) was Boris Karloff when this photo of him was taken on 23 November 1938 on the set of *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*. To his far left is the late Basil Rathbone (Wolf von Frankenstein) and Bela "Ygor" Lugosi. Gentleman on whose shoulder Lugosi is resting his hand is unidentified but since the director of the film was Rowland V. Lee, it is thought to be he.



THE PREHISTORIC STORY PART II

more amazing movie lore about the mighty dinosaur

WHAT? You don't remember Part I of *The Prehistoric Story*?

Well, you're in good company.

Frankly, the *editor* doesn't remember the original episode, it was so long ago, like prehistoric issue #19, long an out-of-print collector's item. It was reprinted, though, in our 1966 YEARBOOK, in case you'd like to look it up.



THE BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN up to his tricks in the '56 color production from United Artists.

CAPTAIN SINDBAD ain't exactly glad to meet up with this living remnant of a prehistoric age. (MGM '63)



prehistoric news

We've found out a lot more info for you about dinopix since '62. For instance:

THE GHOST OF SLUMBER MOUNTAIN, filmed by Willis O'Brien in 1918-19, released by World Films, Inc. When it opened in New York it received praise from G. Clyde Fisher, Ph.D., of the American Museum of Natural History, who said: "I was greatly pleased. It is astonishing how lifelike those old dinosaurs & the giant bird, *Diatryma*, were." The film contains an impressive scene where the great *Diatryma* consumes a 10' snake and there is also a battle between a *tyrannosaurus* & a *triceratops*. Prof. Fisher concluded: "The whole thing was extremely well done."

ALONG THE MOONLIGHT TRAIL. Composed, it is believed, of surplus footage from THE GHOST OF SLUMBER MOUNTAIN, this was released late in 1920.

It has been discovered that as early as 1915 Willis (KONG) O'Brien made a reel about prehistoric animals called THE DINOSAURUS AND THE MISSING LINK. The same year he completed THE BIRTH OF A FLIVVER, and we have the summary of that film from the archives of Roman Soldier: *Two cavemen invent the wheel and promptly construct a wagon which they hitch to a dinosaur. The huge creature soon finds itself pulling the 2 humans in the wagon and, somewhat irked by this position, hurls them off, wrecks their village, uproots trees and nearly kills the bewildered cavemen, who come to the immediate conclusion that the wheel is useless and will never catch on!*

Other Willis O'Brien prehistoric film info called to our attention by Mr. Soldier:

Though "O'Bie" filmed a half-reel comedy called THE DINOSAUR AND THE MISSING LINK, it was released in 1917 as THE DINOSAUR AND THE MISSING BABOON. O'Bie also made R.F.D. 1,000,000 B.C. (R.F.D. is a postal term standing for Rural Free Delivery. Unless O'Bie meant it to mean Real Fine Dinosaur!)

prehistorama

To our Checklist of Cavemen Pix, Paleo Kicks & Dinosaur Flicks, which included such rare ones as A GLIMPSE OF THE BYGONE DAYS (German silent short), THE PREHISTORIC MAN (French, 1908), THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY (DeMille caveman epic of 1925), JOURNEY TO THE BEGINNING OF TIME (eventual American release title of the Czech-made JOURNEY TO A PRIMEVAL AGE of '55) and the "lost one", MYSTERY OF LIFE; to these now may be added;

MAN'S GENESIS (1912)

THE FIRST FLYER (serious cartoon concerning prehistoric life and the pterodactyl's place in it). Educational short subject by Bray Studios, 1918.

Caesar Romero & Rod Cameron "come across giant prehistoric beasts while in the jungles of India", according to Jack Jones, in THE JUNGLE, a minor production of 1952 with a mammoth. Next year, United Artists released NEANDERTHAL MAN.



The original flapper! Terri Dactyl takes Raquel Welch for a bit of a fright flight ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (Harryhausen animation).

A Buster Keaton comedy, **THE THREE AGES** (1923); a Charlie Chaplin short, **HIS PREHISTORIC PAST**.

Caesar Romero battles the dino's again in **LOST CONTINENT** ('54).

A color documentary from Central Scientific Co., **THE DINOSAURS**.

Of course the further adventures of **GODZILLA**, including **GODZILLA VS. THE THING** (the "thing" turned out to be Mothra) and the brand new **SON OF GODZILLA**.

MONSTER ON THE CAMPUS (Universal 1960) started with a prehistoric fish, a coelacanth, and wound up, via devolution, with Arthur Franz as a caveman in modern times.

The Our Gang Comedy kids once made a silent short where they were trapped in a movie studio

and met up with a man in a triceratops suit.

Bela Lugosi, John Carradine & Geo. Zucco were all involved in **THE RETURN OF THE APE MAN** (Monogram '44).

ADAM'S RIB—were they kidding? *Wow*, they were *really* off in their timing when they described this picture in a movie magazine of the time as taking place "25,000 years or so ago when men were cave men! Cecil DeMille takes us back to the dear old days of dinosauria and leopard skins in his newest picture, which introduces a prehistoric episode." Would you believe a sabre-tooth tiger skin? Well, with the inflation of today, maybe the 25,000 years of yesterday is 1,000,000 years by present reckoning!

The list concludes, of course, with **ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.**, the last Harryhausen film, before his eagerly awaited—



Brontosaurus gets it in the back in *DINOSAUR* (Universal 1960). But we have a feeling that in a moment the roles will be reversed and his adversary will be getting it in the neck.

valley—where time stood still

VALLEY is based on Willis O'Brien's famous unfilmed *GWANGI*. We have the story!

Forbidden Valley, that is what the Gypsies call the mysterious abyss hidden deep in a mountainous gorge in a remote area of the Western Hemisphere. A Valley of Fear. But here a young boy dares go, in search of his missing brother. When Carlos finds Miguel, the boy is dying, and has just enough strength to give Carlos a small animal as he breathes his last word: *Gwangi*!

The time is 1912. A Prof. Bromley, archeologist, sees Carlos' "little animal" and is astounded to realize it is an *cohippus*—a living fossil, a horse from the Dawn of Time. The horse is named El Diahlo, and it is because of the little "devil" that many men eventually die, for against all caution the professor and others (including Richard Carlson) invade Forbidden Valley.

Their first encounter is with a man-sized ornithomimus, which is as ominous as its name.

Carlos fights a pterodactyl!

Suddenly—Gwangi appears! A 14' tall allosaurus with an insatiable appetite. It snatches up the screaming ornithomimus in its great saw-toothed jaws and eats the struggling creature alive!

Gwangi fights a tyrannosaurus! And, before the film is through, an elephant. There is a menacing crush fire. Pandemonium breaks loose in a circus. Thrills mount upon thrills. More ferocious than Mighty Joe, Gwangi may exceed even Harryhausen's Ymir. Final title: Valley of Gwangi.

And of course we're all holding our fingers and keeping our breath crossed till we see the outcome of the first animation job by Jim Danforth, *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH*.

Watch for our 100th issue, featuring *The Prehistoric Story—Part 4!*

END

MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER 40



ICE CREAM MAN MELTS

Is he the AMAZING I SCREAM MAN?
The star of LAUGH, CONE, LAUGH?
KILLER CLAY BOY?
DRACULA'S SLAUGHTER?
THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK?
THE MISERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM?
THE FIEND WITH HALF A FACE?
THE H-MAN?
THE X-MAN?
THE Y-MAN?
THE Z-MAN?

Well, he's Aram Kotcher, for one thing. For another, the film in which he wore this messy make up was a non-message movie of 1963 and if you can unscramble the following message (the commo isn't really part of the title) you'll have discovered the name of the picture from which this still came: H. THE FRIGHT VIDEO LAND.

Answer revealed next issue.

ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO NO. 39



Our easiest Mystery Photo since BAR-BARELLA, if you didn't figure out the clue last time that GO, LEM without the comma became GOLEM, you better go back to ginderkanten (you have one-half second to unscramble that one) and ask the teacher to give you a brain transplant. (Ask for the brand name: Donovon.) Yes, pic to the left is from the French television of THE GOLEM, made several years ago.

Steve McQueen phoned all the way from New York to Horrorwood (a troll call) to record his guess that the Giant of Mystery Photo #38 was Earthquake McGoon in the movie LI'L ABNER. Hail King McQueen!

the weird and wonderful pictures of **EDGAR ALLAN**

POE

**HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE MACABRE.
PROOF? HIS WRITTEN WORDS HAVE BEEN
FILMED OVER A QUARTER HUNDRED TIMES!**

by Giovanni Scognamiglio

Edgar Allan Poe was only on this earth 40 years. Born in 1809, he died in 1849. But in the 60-odd years of its life the motion picture screen has brought Poe back to life approximately 30 times.

Sixty years after his untimely death Poe's strange and tragic existence was portrayed for the first time (1909) in a short feature simply bearing his name. Realized by one of the greatest, if not the greatest, names in motion picture history—the late David Wark Griffith—EDGAR ALLAN POE was an American Mutoscope & Biograph Co. Production starring Herbert Jost as Poe.

Five years later, in 1914, a more complete attempt to recreate Poe's mastery of horror and suspense was undertaken in THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE. This was a 3-in-1 adaptation (by Griffith himself) of Poe's short stories, "The Tell-Tale Heart"



ERIK—The Gorilla with a Human Brain is the translation of the sign in French over the entranceway to the sideshow of Dr. Mirakle in the 1932 version of Poe's MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE.



Quoth the Raven: "What's up, doc?" Bela Lugosi in a scene from *THE RAVEN*.

Half his face and body paralyzed by Lugosi, Korloff arouses combination of pity and horror in Irene Ware. (*THE RAVEN*)



and "The Pit and the Pendulum", and the poem, "Annabel Lee". The trio starred Henry B. Walthall, Dorothy Gish, Donald Crisp and Blanche Sweet. *THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE* seems to have been the first fantastic horror show produced in America and also an ingenious amalgamation of Poe's basic themes: murder and remorse ("The Tell-Tale Heart"), mental anguish ("The Pit and the Pendulum") and haunting affection for his wife Virginia ("Annabel Lee").

At about the same time, in France, Maurice Tourneur directed *LE SYSTEME DU DOCTEUR GOUDRON ET DU PROFESSEUR PLUME* (*THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR & PROFESSOR FETHER*) and in America *THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE* reached the screen for the first time via the direction of Sol A. Rosenber. Of the French film historians report that it was more grotesque than frightening.

Lost and all but forgotten is a 1915 filming of *THE RAVEN*. Starring Henry B. Walthall, it was an Essanay production directed by Geo. C. Hazelton.

In 1927 & '28 nonprofessional and experimental filmmakers tried their luck with Poe. First Geo. Kelm directed *THE TELL-TALE HEART* (later on, in 1941, it was Jules Dassin's turn with a 2-reel short featuring Jos. Schildkraut for MGM), followed by *THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*, directed by Jas. Sibley Watson with art direction by Melville Webber. Both pictures were highly interesting studies in recapturing thru purely filmic effects, distorted camera angles, elaborate and arty shots, contrasted editing and impressionistic art direction, the morbid and horrifying climate of Poe. Also in '28, in France, Jean Epstein professionally directed *THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*, with emphasis more on the architectural problems, in recreating the morbid, disturbing and nightmarish atmosphere of the castle, than in focusing on the psychic problems of Roderick Usher.

In 1942 teenage Curtis Harrington, who has since made his mark in the experimental and surrealist film world and is now moving into the realm of professional fantasy scripter and producer-director—young Harrington made a version of *USHER* in which he foreshadowed Tony (*PSYCHO*) Perk-

315-45

"I am not a sideshow charlatan," Dr. Mirakle thinks to himself as he ponders his experiments with the great ape and records his thoughts in his diary. (MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE)

ins by playing a dual role, masculine & feminine. In 1948 another USHER was made in England and of course the Vincent Price (star), Richard Matheson (scripter), Burt Schoenberg (art) technicolor version of 1960 was one of the big horror hits of last year.

The tale of THE TELL-TALE HEART was told again in 1934 as BUCKET OF BLOOD, a British production directed by Brian Desmond Hurst with Norman Dryden; and UPA did it in 1954 as a color "cartoon" short which attained stature.

Paul (THE GOLEM) Wegener starred in 1933 in a German trio titled LIVING DEAD, comprised of Poe's "Black Cat" and "Tarr & Fether" plus Stevenson's "Suicide Club".

In America 1932, '34 & '35 were Poe years with Robt. Florey directing Bela Lugosi in MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE, Edgar Ulmer directing Karloff & Lugosi in THE BLACK CAT, and Karloff & Lugosi being reunited in THE RAVEN (directed by Louis Friedlander). THE RAVEN was remade in '48 by Westport International, English Lippert '53 and a special short directed by Lew Jacobs in '54.

The late Maria Montez starred in THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, directed for Universal in 1944 by Geo. Wagner.

1948: HISTOIRES EXTRAORDINAIRES (UNUSUAL TALES), a French grandguignol'esque trio combining "Cask of Amontillado" and another tale by Poe with "Ecce Homo" by Thos. de Quincey.



Korloff & Lugosi of each others' throats again. This time in **THE BLACK CAT** (1934).

1954: **THE PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE**, Warner color and 3D, with Steve Forrest as Dupin, Karl Malden as the Mad Doctor, Patricia Medina as the heroine—and the irreplaceable killer ape.

1956: **MANFISH**, combination of "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Gold Bug", with Victor Jory, John Bromfield and Lon Chaney Jr.

Two semi-biographical treatments of Poe's life have been filmed, **THE LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE**, an unfortunately rather boring and unsuccessful film by Harry Lachman, and **THE MAN WITH A CLOAK**, starring Jos. Cotten and Barbara Stanwyck, directed by Fletcher Markle.

Announced for the future: **THE MASK**

OF THE RED DEATH (Alex & Ruth Gordon). **THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM** (Richard Matheson). And an American Edgar Allan Poe Mystery Theater of Television.

Earnestly recommended for filming: **A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM** (Disney, Pal) and **THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDMAR** (Castle, American-International).

As long as horror films have a vogue, Edgar Allan Poe will provide steady source material for first-class fright features. His classics constitute a rich dark literary loam in which mandrakes grow and nuggets of unnerving nightmare lie waiting to be unearthed and transferred to the screen. **END**



Erik turns on his master, Bela Lugosi, and the blood runs red on Morgue Street.

THE MANY HANDS OF ORLAC

like beasts with 5 fingers,
forever clutching

DONOVAN'S BRAIN never dies. Mad Count Zaroff still revives every few years to chase hapless humans in **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**. And, periodically, **THE GOLEM** lives again.

Similarly, **THE HANDS OF ORLAC** reach out of the screen, ever & anon, to terrorize new audiences. The first time 'round it was Conrad Veidt who climbed out of **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** to portray the tragic musician, Orlac. That was 1924. Eleven years later, Peter Lorre made his American debut as Dr. Gogol the flesh-grafter in the version treated herewith, **MAD LOVE**. Colin Clive himself—doomed Dr. Frankenstein—played Orlac & his beautiful wife Yvonne was portrayed by Frances Drake, who next year was to appear opposite Boris Karloff & Bela Lugosi in **THE INVISIBLE RAY**. Today, Frances Drake, long happily married and still stunningly beautiful, lives directly next door to director Fritz Lang, who discovered Peter Lorre in the first place! The late Karl Freund, cameraman on **METROPOLIS** and **DRACULA**, directed **MAD LOVE**, as you see what a small world it is!

In 1962 a very good version was made called **HANDS OF A STRANGER** and two years later Christopher Lee and Mel Ferrer were at it again in a return to the original title.

Following is the Filmbook of the best of the 4 versions, **MAD LOVE**.

Chapter 1 WEIRD EYES WATCHING

A big car drew up in a side street of Paris and a man, wrapped in a huge coat with a fur collar that concealed his face, alighted. Red letters proclaimed the building as *Le Theatre des Horreurs* and the new arrival paused on the pavement to stare at a gaudy poster of a very beautiful woman.

The officials of this strange little theater all wore hideous and fearsome costumes, representing devils, and the walls were covered with instruments of torture and blood-curdling pictures. The theater was famous for its horror plays and the beautiful woman was the heroine in a particularly awesome play of revenge and torture.

Every night Dr. Gogol, the great surgeon who gave all his time to the curing of deformed children and mutilated soldiers, had a box at *Le Theatre des Horreurs* because he was infatuated with the beautiful Yvonne Orlac, the heroine of the drama.

In the small lobby was a beautiful wax statue of Yvonne and the doctor paused to gaze intently at it. He was not out of place amongst these horrors because his features were so unusual, almost repulsive, in fact. A hairless, round head, a smooth face and very large hulging eyes. The face was almost that of a Mongol and the eyes sometimes narrowed to mere slits.



PETER LORRE WAS MAD DR. GOGOL.



Who is the mysterious man with the steel hands featured on our cover? Read the Filmbook and You'll Find Out!

And that evening was the last night. Dr. Gogol sent round his card, and at the manager's request Yvonne saw the doctor.

"Every night I have watched you." His voice and gaze were intent. "And tonight, the last night, I felt I must come and thank you for what you have meant to me. When the theater opens I shall be in my box again—every night."

"You flatter me, doctor." Yvonne was a little frightened of those large eyes. "I hope you will come for the theater's sake. I won't be here, I'm afraid."

"You are playing somewhere else?"

"Never again. I'm going back to England—to my husband."

"Your—your husband?"

The beautiful young woman pointed to the radio. "Yes, that's him playing now. Stephen Orlac. We've been married a year, but he's been on a tour, and I've been busy but now my contract is at an end and we're going to have our first real honeymoon."

Dr. Gogol's face remained expressionless but behind those eyes there was a brainstorm. He had excused himself.

By himself, he had held his head in his hands as if ill. The manager appeared and persuaded him to come to the farewell party behind the scenes, and Gogol went. All the while those strange eyes watched Yvonne. It was after midnight when he left the theater, and near the stage door was a truck. Scenic effects were being removed, and as he stood there, waiting for his car, they carried forth the wax figure of Yvonne Orlac.

"Where are you taking that figure?"

"To the melting pot," answered the foreman. "There's fifty francs of wax in that thing."

"Then, no doubt, you'd take seventy-five for it?"

"What's the idea?"

"Did you ever hear of Galatea?" asked Dr. Go-

gol. "She was a statue. Pygmalion formed her, out of marble, not wax. And then he fell in love with his own statue and she came to life."

"Start the motor," the foreman shouted to his driver. "There's queer people in the streets of Montmartre at this time of night."

Dr. Gogol produced a hulky pockethook. "A hundred francs if you deliver the statue to my house."

The foreman hesitated, then took the money.

Chapter 2 TRAIN OF FATE

In the first-class compartment of an express train, sat two men. One was a talkative Frenchman; the other Stephen Orlac. From time to time he glanced impatiently at his watch. Another two hours to Paris and Yvonne.

At a junction the express pulled up to let three men join the train, and one of the men was in handcuffs. It was none other than Rollo, the murderer.

The Frenchman produced a large autograph book. "Monsieur, I have here autographs of a hundred or more famous persons—and not a single murderer. You read about Rollo, I suppose?"

Stephen shook his head.

"He was an American performer at a circus and he threw knives," the Frenchman explained. "I understand he was a very pleasant fellow but quick-tempered. He quarrelled with his father and stuck a knife in his back. He was convicted last week. May I borrow your pen, monsieur? Rollo is on the train, and I get him to sign in my little book. Thank you, monsieur."

Five minutes passed and Stephen jumped up. The pen was a present from his wife and he did not want it lost. He decided to walk down the corridor. Hearing excited voices, and one that was familiar, he hurried in that direction.

In a special compartment sat the American he-

tween two plainclothes men. Rollo was telling how he had been able to throw knives since he was six.

Stephen peered over the Frenchman's shoulder.

"Hey, get outa here!" Rollo resented the newcomer and in spite of his handcuffs managed to flick the fountain pen.

Both men ducked and Stephen blinked to see his beautiful pen buried in the woodwork of the carriage door. He glared at Rollo, who was snarling like some wild beast.

"This happens to be my pen, gentlemen." Stephen pulled it out of the woodwork.

Twenty minutes later the Fontainebleu Express went off the line at Geron and the first four coaches crashed down a steep embankment.

Six people were killed and many seriously injured and amongst the later was Stephen Orlac. He was rushed to a hospital, where one of the finest surgeons did his best to patch up his patient. By irony of fate Rollo was not injured.

Chapter 3 SMASHED HANDS, SMASHED LIFE

All night Yvonne waited at the hospital. With the dawn came the surgeon. "Your husband will live."

Yvonne nearly fainted with joy but something in the grave expression of the surgeon made her heart sink.

"What is it, doctor?" she whispered.

"The head injury, madame, is not serious. But I'm afraid his—hands—cannot be saved."

"His hands?"

"They're so smashed I'm afraid we shall have to amputate."

"Amputate! No, no!" She clutched at his arm.

"Doctor, you don't understand! You can't touch his hands! He's a great pianist."

"I know, madame, but what are hands when

it's a matter of saving life?"

"But his hands are his life," Yvonne sobbed. "Can nothing be done? Without his hands he would not want to live."

"I am sorry, but if gangrene sets in your husband will die."

"Is there no surgeon that—" She broke off at a sudden hope. "Dr. Gogol is a marvellous surgeon and performs miracles, so they say."

"Dr. Gogol is a genius," the surgeon admitted. "But I do not think he could do anything for your husband."

"Doctor, can you get me an ambulance to take my husband to Dr. Gogol's house immediately?" cried Yvonne. "I must save my husband's hands."

Within the hour an ambulance with Stephen Orlac, his wife and a trained nurse was on its way to Dr. Gogol's house.

Chapter 4 THE WORLD OF DR. GOGOL

Dr. Gogol's house in Paris was one half a hospital on the most modern, up-to-date lines and the other half an abode stranger than fiction. A strange old house of big rooms filled with massive, old-world furniture that had belonged to his ancestors. His study was a room that contained thousands of valuable books, a grand piano and an organ—Gogol had a passion for music.

One might have expected Dr. Gogol to be in bed at dawn of day but not on the day that Yvonne took her husband to his house because Rollo had been brought to the French capital to be guillotined and Gogol never missed an execution. Truly a strange complex man. Many a maimed child had recovered under his skilful touch and yet he took keen joy in death. He had many privileges on account of the miracles he had performed after the war on maimed war heroes. The Prefect of Police shrugged his shoulders but if Dr. Gogol wished to

Christopher Lee lends an ear to the wizardry of the great pianist in the last (to date) version of **THE HANDS OF ORLAC**.





Lee does his Sword & Swordery act in 1964 version of ORLAC.

witness executions, why should he deprive him of this gruesome pleasure?

So when Rollo died, Dr. Gogol watched through narrowed eyes. The Prefect of Police shuddered whilst an American reporter went very white.

After the execution Dr. Gogol went home. He would rest for some hours before going to the operating theater. A slight smile twitched his lips but it was not the scene that he had witnessed that amused him—by now the wax effigy of Yvonne Orlac should have been delivered at his house and his housekeeper busy draping the figure in similar garments to those worn on the stage. Yvonne should be placed on a platform near the organ and she would inspire his music.

The smile vanished at sight of an ambulance outside his house.

His eyes were blazing with anger as he strode into his surgery and summoned the night nurse.

"Suzanne, why is that ambulance here? I ordered no case here for experiment."

"They brought a man whose hands were smashed in the Fontainebleu wreck," the nurse answered.

"What man? What wreck?"

"But, professor, his wife brought him—a Madame Orlac."

"What?" rasped Dr. Gogol. "Where is he?" "In the ward—with Dr. Wong."

Dr. Wong was his capable Chinese assistant and a marvellous surgeon. Dr. Wong thought the case hopeless and would Dr. Gogol give his decision as soon as he returned?

A slight smile twitched those thick lips when he had finished his examination. He looked at Dr. Wong as he removed rubber gloves. "Prepare for amputation."

Still smiling, Dr. Gogol went to the waiting-room to tell his decision to Yvonne Orlac.

"Doctor! Doctor! Can you save his hands?"

Chapter 5 OPERATION INCREDIBLE

"Calm yourself, madame. He's in no danger."

Dr. Gogol was as expressionless as a Chinaman. "There are other outlets for musical talent besides playing. Your husband is a composer."

"I understand—you mean to amputate. And I believed that you could save his hands."

Her distress must have touched the doctor because he held out his hands. "I would willingly give my own if it would help but I can do nothing for your husband. To save his life immediate amputation is necessary."

Yvonne Orlac slid to the floor in a dead faint. Dr. Gogol helped Suzanne carry Yvonne to a bed and prescribed a sleeping draught.

"When she awakens everything will be over." Gogol went back to the operating theater.

Dr. Wong had given the anesthetic and Dr. Gogol was all ready for the operation when he hesitated, put down his knife and walked away. Dr. Wong and his assistants stared at him in wonder—had Dr. Gogol lost his nerve?

Gogol removed the bandage from his mouth.

"Wait!" Just one word and he hurried from the room.

A hurried telephone call to the Prefecture of Police. He wished to speak to Prefect Rosset himself—a matter of grave importance. Swiftly Dr. Gogol explained that he required a body for an experiment and it must be someone whose blood was still warm. Prefect Rosset promised to have the body at his clinic within half an hour.

Hours later Dr. Wong stared at his employer admiringly.

"Congratulations, doctor, you've done it."

"Once I felt the blood pulsing through the hands, I knew the operation would succeed," Dr. Gogol answered. "It has tired me, so I shall see no one else today. You will call me if you think anything is wrong with the hands, Wong."

But Dr. Gogol knew that he would not be called—he never failed in an operation.

Chapter 6 STRANGE NEW HANDS

For three months Stephen Orlac's hands remained in bandages.

It was in the doctor's surgery that the bandages were removed and Stephen saw his hands for the first time since the train smash. Round the wrists were terrible livid scars and Stephen shuddered as he turned and twisted his wrists.

"They—they feel dead."

"They will for a time." Dr. Gogol touched the fingers. "You see, the muscles are atrophied, at present, from lack of use."

"But they don't look like my hands."

"You forget they were badly crushed. Within a fortnight, with massage, you will be able to move the fingers slightly." Gogol was staring in his curious way at Yvonne. "Madame must learn massage, as it will be many weeks before the hands have recovered their strength."

"No one in the world but you, doctor could have performed this miracle," was Yvonne's grateful answer.

"I had to find a way because you trusted me." Then he looked down at Stephen, who was staring fascinatedly at his hands. "Ultra-violet rays regular massage and finger exercises will work wonders but I am afraid it will prove a long and expensive business. I shall want to see you every morning for a week or so."



Conrad Veidt can't believe his eyes in the film that started it all in Germany in 1924.

Gradually Stephen began to regain the use of his fingers but, as Gogol had prophesied, it was a long and expensive business. Stephen had just got his feet on the ladder of success when the accident had happened, and had little or no money. It was because of poverty that Yvonne had kept on her stage career and now it was her money that paid the heavy bills. She never complained but she worried over Stephen.

Her husband had had to start playing like a child with one finger, and after a while with the fingers of both hands; but with returning strength he made poor progress. He became irritable and moody. He would rave to Yvonne, "I could play once but now I just make a lot of noise. I could throw myself out the window!" Yvonne did her best to comfort him.

There came a day when there was no money left and then she dared to broach a forbidden subject. "I know, darling, how proud you are, but why don't you go to your father. You require more treatment and—"

"I swore I'd never see my father again. It is just a waste of time."

The next day Stephen Orlac was informed that unless the last instalments on the piano were paid the piano would be removed. They also received a demand for rent and a visit from a furniture firm about instalment payments. It was whilst arguing with the latter that Stephen got into a rage and, picking up his heavy fountain pen, flung it at the furniture agent. The agent took one look at the pen quivering in the woodwork of the door and departed.

Yvonne stared at her husband in amazement. Usually such a gentle nature—these outbursts of rage were so unusual.

"This happens to be my pen, gentlemen." Stephen pulled the pen out of the woodwork and laughed strangely. Yvonne wondered what her husband meant.

Next day Stephen went to see his father. William Orlac had always hated his son's passion for music. That Stephen, the last of the Orlacs, should dare to leave the business to marry an actress was



Orlac's fate is in Dr. Gogol's hands.

the most unforgivable of sins. He told Stephen never to come back.

Stephen entered the quaint old shop. William Orlac must have heard, for a door at the top of some stairs opened and there stood the jeweller. A thin-lipped man with hard steely blue eyes. "Ah, the great musician! Down on your luck, I suppose, and come back here crawling for help?" he sneered.

"Well, father, I was doing well until my accident but since then I have had to spend a lot of money on a care for my hands."

"Well, you won't get a sou. For years I've wanted you in business with me but being a tradesman wasn't good enough for you. Now that your hands are smashed up you come crawling back to me. And that actress you married! If I heard you were found in the Seine I wouldn't shed a tear. You're no son—"

Stephen Orlac had swept up a jewelled dagger

from the counter and William Orlac jumped to one side as the weapon whizzed through the air. The father stared at his son with fear; he cringed as if expecting another attack and then broke out into shrill threats as Stephen rushed blindly out of the shop into the street.

An hour later Stephen Orlac went to Gogol's house and demanded to see the doctor immediately.

Chapter 7 BLACK MAGIC

"What have you done to me?" Stephen raved. "You and your black magic!"

Gogol looked at Stephen Orlac from his queer eyes.

"What is wrong?" he asked.

"I've been to see Dr. Marbeau, to whom I was taken after the railway smash. He told me my hands were crushed beyond saving and these aren't mine." Stephen held out his hands. "Whose are they?"

"What's wrong with them? Ten fingers; every nerve, every muscle, works perfectly."

"What's wrong with them?" Stephen waved his hands angrily. "They have a life of their own—they feel for knives. They want to throw them. And they know how. Watch!" He picked up a scalpel from a table and with a flick of the wrist flung it across the room. The sharp knife quivered in a door.

Gogol stared thoughtfully at the quivering scalpel.

"And that's not all," Stephen raved on. "They want to kill. And today they tried to kill my father!"

"With a knife?" questioned Gogol.

"Yes."

"My friend, I think I understand your case and I can help you," Gogol spoke in his soft voice. "It is a case of arrested wish-fulfillment. The shock of the accident and the shock of the operation have taken you back to a wish of your childhood. Maybe in those days you liked throwing knives and that wish has lain dormant all these years; the shock has brought it back to prominence. I must teach you to forget."

Chapter 8 THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

The Paris papers proclaimed the murder of a rich Jeweller. In the early hours of the morning William Orlac had been found with a knife protruding from his back. His assistant had told detectives of the incident of the afternoon when Stephen had quarrelled with his father over money, and, after harsh words, had picked up a knife. It had missed his father by inches. And the same knife had killed William Orlac during the night.

On leaving Dr. Gogol's surgery Stephen did not at once go home. He was so depressed that the temptation to have a drink was so strong that he stayed at a restaurant for some while drinking brandy. He returned home to find that Yvonne had gone out. He sat before his piano and tried to play but the sounds made him clasp his head in his hands. The maid said that he was wanted on the phone and a strange hoarse voice told him to come to a certain address where he would learn the secret of his hands. Stephen lurched out of the apartment house and found a taxi, whose driver



Orlac's hands are studied by x-rays in the 1962 version, *HANDS OF A STRANGER*.

knew the address. There was a strange smell in the taxi that made Stephen relax and close his eyes—he slept. When he awoke he found himself in a meager street and outside an inn.

Everything seemed to be whirling round and round. He wondered vaguely if it were the brandy that made him feel so funny. He looked at his watch by a flickering street light and saw that it was six—he had been out all night. Where he had been he had no idea but by some strange chance he was outside the inn of the Three Feathers. Something seemed to draw him towards the inn, and then a door opened quietly. A hand beckoned and Stephen Orlac staggered inside.

Seated at a table sat a muffled figure with a glittering oil lamp throwing fitful shadows round the bare room.

"Was it you who phoned me to come here?" asked Stephen.

"Yes," said the figure in the cloak. "You wish to know the truth about your hands. They throw knives?"

"How did you know that?" Stephen demanded. The strange hooded person flicked apart his cloak and Stephen reeled back with a gasp of horror. He was staring at hands made of steel that glistened in the light.

"I have no hands," said the figure, still keeping the face covered. "Your hands were once mine."

"I knew it! I knew it!" Stephen gasped. "He lied to me!"

"And so you knifed your father in the back last night; you killed him with my hands."

"I killed my father?" Stephen touched his whirl-

ing head. "I threw a knife at him yesterday but I—I last night—I—" He stared at the figure. "Since I left Dr. Gogol I can remember very little. I've been somewhere all night, but—"

Suddenly a knife quivered in the table.

"Pick that knife up!" commanded the hoarse voice. "Use it when they try to arrest you."

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Rollo, the knife thrower."

"Rollo died on the guillotine."

"Yes, they cut off my head but that Gogol put it back," came the hoarse answer. "Look!"

The stranger pulled back the cape and Stephen's eyes nearly started out of his head. Never in his most terrible nightmare had he beheld anything so fearful. A deathly white face with huge eyes and a large nose, an awful, leering mouth, and then the head brace. *The head of the stranger was strapped to the neck in a leather brace. Except for the eyes and the lips the head did not move.*

It was too much for Stephen Orlac's nerves and with a cry of fear he rushed out of the inn.

The man with the steel hands laughed softly and moved his head.

Chapter 9

THE MAN WHO REGAINED HIS HEAD

Reluctantly Stephen reached forth and took the knife.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Rollo, the knife thrower."

"Rollo died on the guillotine."

"Yes, they cut off my head but that Gogol put it back," came the hoarse answer. "Look!"

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The man with the steel hands laughed softly and moved his head.

Stephen Orlac found his way home. He still felt strangely confused, as if his mind were going, but he felt that he must get back to Yvonne. She would help him and banish this evil from his brain. It was broad daylight and at that very moment a police car was on the way to his house to arrest him for murder.

Yvonne had sat up all night wondering what could have happened to him. He had been so strange of late and if he did not return she must get in touch with the police. Then she heard him come.

"Stephen!" she gasped at sight of his white drawn face.

"It wasn't I who did it! It was Rollo's hands!" he shouted at her.

"What do you mean, darling?"

"I think I've murdered my father," he told her. "I've just seen Rollo. He was the man whose head they cut off, but Gogol put it on again. It was Rollo who told me that I did it."

"Oh, Stephen, my darling, you're not well. All this is some wild dream. You're with me now; everything will be alright."

Suddenly two men burst into the room. "Monsieur Stephen Orlac" said one.

"Yes!" Stephen squared his shoulders.

"In the name of the law I arrest you for the murder of your father!"

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"All for his Art! The original stor of 'Hoir Today, Gone Tomorrow!' No bold wig for PETER LORRE—he insisted on doing it the hard way.



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Suddenly two men burst into the room. "Mon-sieur Stephen Orlac" said one.

"Yes!" Stephen squared his shoulders.

Chapter 10 THE IMPOSSIBLE

The officer in charge listened in amazement to Stephen Orlac's tale and decided that the man was quite mad.

"You don't understand. These aren't mine! They are Rollo's fingers—Rollo's hands!" Stephen cried. "It was Rollo who told me that I killed my father. I know Rollo's head was cut off months ago but Gogol put it back for him. He took off his hands and put them to my arms. Look at the scars!"

The chief rubbed his chin and was about to have Stephen placed under lock and key when a fingerprint expert reported that Roll's fingerprints and those of Stephen Orlac were the same.

"You mean the fingerprints on the knife could have been Rollo's?" asked the inspector. "It's impossible. No two sets of prints can be alike."

"But they are," cried the experts. "Moreover, it is a most unusual type of fingerprint."

Reagan, the American reporter, had so far said nothing. Being in well with the inspector he had been told of the impending arrest of Stephen Orlac, and for reasons of his own had hastened to the prefecture. He scented a story.

"MAN WITHOUT HEAD KILLS JEWELLER" he cried. "What a story! Chief, I think this guy ain't so crazy as he seems. I don't like the marks on his hands; it seems to me as if the hand might have been joined to the arm. Chief, I've been on the trail of this case for some while, and I haven't said much about it. You sent Rollo's body to Dr. Gogol, and I've been trying for months to find out what he did with it. He kinda intrigued me the way he came to all these executions, I went round to see if I could get some story and I talked to some old dame named Francoise, who looks after him. I didn't learn much first time and second time he caught me trying to get the old hag to talk. Gee, was he mad! Chief, I believe this hand stuff is true," he whispered in the chief's ear. "I got something else to tell you. This is private. Can I see you outside?"

The chief followed the excited journalist.

"Well, what is it?"

"This guy says he saw Rollo with his head all fixed up in a sort of steel brace, and wearing steel hands." The reporter winked. "I don't reckon he saw Rollo but he did see someone. Chief, Dr. Gogol's a hundred per cent crazy. He tried to hrain me the other night with a chair. I've got a nose for mystery and I scented it from the moment Rollo

was executed. Well, I got by the old hag into his sort of private sanctum, I found a beautiful woman there and she was wearing some sort of long white dress. Got one glimpse of her and then Gogol appeared. He raved at me and picked up a chair, so I screamed. Now, chief, this is important. You know who the woman is, don't you? Yvonne, the actress, this guy's wife. Now do you catch on? The old family doctor is stuck on the girl and tried to plant



Dr. Gogol and the Object of His Affliction: Frightened Frances Drake!

a murder on her husband to get rid of him."

The inspector decided. "We will go at once to Dr. Gogol's house and we will take Stephen Orlac with us."

The detectives had left Stephen Orlac standing before the inspector's table and when the latter retired with the reporter, Reagan did not pay much attention to Stephen, who was handcuffed. On the table lay the knife that the mystery man at the inn of the Three Feathers had made him take. Swift as lightning Rollos' hands reach for the knife and secreted it in his pocket.

Chapter 11 THE MADMAN

Yvonne Orlac hurried to the house of Dr. Gogol. She tried the door; it was not bolted. She was going to explore this house of mystery and see if she could find out anything about Dr. Gogol, whom she was certain had schemed this murder.



Take another look at the second foto in this feature to compare the 1964 hondless men confrontation scene (above) with how it was handled in 1935.

Then Yvonne had a shock. She walked into a room and came face to face with *herself*! She recognized it as the wax effigy that had stood in the lobby of the *Theatre des Horreurs*.

A sound made her turn. Someone had come in by the front door. It must be Dr. Gogol and he must not find her there. In her fear she turned sharply, lost her balance and fell against the likeness of herself. The wax figure was smashed in pieces.

Yvonne stared in horror at what she had done, then the quick wit of an actress gave her a daring idea.

Some minutes later the door opened and a cloaked figure entered and took off his hat, then threw back a voluminous cloak. The mystery man of the Three Feathers stood revealed. Swiftly the steel hands were removed, then the massive neck brace, and Dr. Gogol was unmasked.

"The poor fool," Dr. Gogol spoke aloud. "He believes he murdered his father, when it was I who killed him. I have removed him from my path."

Gogol went across to the organ. On a stand near the pipes perched his pet. The bird kept ruffling his feathers and making shrill cries. Dr. Gogol was livid that his playing should be disturbed, and left his seat by the organ. The bird feared Gogol and flew from the stand across the room, started to perch on the dummy's shoulders and then screeched shrilly.

A cry of terror came from Yvonne's lips as the claws grazed her cheek. Dr. Gogol heard and was puzzled. He left the organ to come across to her and his eyes opened wide with mad joy.

"There's blood on your cheek, Galatea. So it seems that wax can bleed." His arms suddenly enfolded her in a fierce embrace. "Galatea! I am Pygmalion! You were wax but you came to life in my arms!"

Chapter 12 "SHE MUST DIE!"

Dr. Gogol. The chief, two detectives, Reagan and Stephen Orlac got out of the car.

"Help! Help!" The cries of a woman in distress carried clearly, and they all rushed for the house.

The door was open and they raced up the stairs. Yvonne's cries guided them and they came to a door that was locked. There was a small iron-barred grill and this was open so that they could stare into Dr. Gogol's sanctum.

On a couch lay Yvonne Orlac and winding her long hair round her throat, was Dr. Gogol.

"She hates me—despises me!" the madman shouted at them. "Each man should kill the thing he loves, Galatea must die!"

"Break open the door!" ordered the chief.

"It's bolted from inside," cried a detective.

"Get out of my way!" ordered Stephen; and it was the hand of Rollo that whipped the knife from his pocket.

The chief, Reagan and the detectives saw Stephen draw back his arm, then hurl the knife through the grill of the door.

It flew true to its mark and buried itself deep in the back of Dr. Gogol!

The mad, doctor stiffened, gasped, then collapsed in a heap.

They burst open the door and Yvonne opened her eyes to find her husband's arms around her. Dr. Gogol was quite dead and with his passing the curse of Stephen Orlac was lifted. He lived to make a great name as a pianist and composer but for the rest of his life shuddered at the sight of a dagger.

As the one responsible for first calling to the attention of the world filmmonster fans that there was a Spider Sequence cut from KING KONG . . . and as one of the rare persons ever to have seen the Frankenstein monster actually throw "daisy" Maria into the pond . . . I hate to start a whole new hunt for something legendary . . . BUT . . . I retain the definite memory from 1935 that when MAD LOVE was previewed in Glendale, Calif., it was reported that the ending was too gruesome for the audience and was refilmed. The ending: Peter Lorre's head being torn off and thrown off a bridge!

—Forrest J Ackerman.



1963 YEARBOOK



1964 YEARBOOK



1965 YEARBOOK



1966 YEARBOOK



1967 YEARBOOK



1968 YEARBOOK



1969 YEARBOOK



1970 YEARBOOK



1971 YEARBOOK



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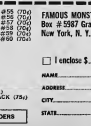
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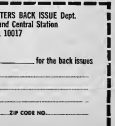
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RODDY McDOWELL as he appeared in "IT" (Warners-7 Arts, 1967) shown for Margo Layne, Robert Brown, Bill White, Frankie Larkin, Geo. Senda & Karen McGuire.



In **FRANKENSTEIN**—1970 (left) **BORIS KARLOFF** shows a coin to the late Tom Duggan. Now Karloff's youngest grandson, David, collects coins. Scene shown for David—and Randy Rosmussen, Ronald V. Borst, Jean-Claude Romer, Tansy Phyver, Sheri McAdams & Paul Brooks. Below, for many readers who have wanted to know what Walter J. Deagherty, "The Photographer of the Mon-Stars", looks like, we present him (left) in the company of some horror actor who looks familiar but we can't place the face (Hello, **VINCENT**—joke over).



(continued next page)



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Reproduction by the late artist Albert Nuetzell of the original painting by Willis O'Brien & Byron Crabbe (1929) that inspired the eventual making of KING KONG. For Paul Davids, Mark McGee, Ron Reynolds, Darlyne O'Brien, Larry Brooks, Frank Frazetta, Don Glut, Fay Wray, Dick & Dona Corben and THOUSANDS of other KONG lovers.

LON CHANEY SR. in his ape-man role in the lost film of 1922, known both as *THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS* and *A BLIND BARGAIN*, shown for Scott MacQueen, Jerry Page, Rudy Behlmer, John Hampton, David Bradley, Lester Anderson & Peter Bogaslowski.



YOU AXED FOR IT

MARIA OUSPENSKAYA administers to Walfman Lon Choney, Jr. far Gray Daniels, Gary Dorst, Fla Steinberg, Trina Rabbins, Alexandre de Groota, Anne Di Dio & Pinky Deitch; while below, far old-time sci-fi serial buffs, we revive a scene from the seldom seen **LOST CITY (OF THE LIGURIANS)**, a Master of the World cliff-hanger of the 30s. Far Sam Sherman, Jim Harmon, Earl Clyde, Luis Osca, Dick Boforski, Georges L. Caune & Eric Hoffman.

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CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batmen lands unharmed on a palatial's scaffolding, and revealing in the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batmen's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Duke (J. Carroll Nash) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Working ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batmen and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and discover Linda, the Batmen slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the now and against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batmen loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batmen leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockheed airplane plant. Two of the Lockheed men are abducted by Duke and imprisoned into Zambles, but before a test flight, the Batmen secretly himself in the plane. He cannot be hidden, then the new Zambles enter the plane dressed

in pilot's clothes. Following Duke's radio directions, the Zambles take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batmen on his television screen and orders the Zambles to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zambles are killed in the crash-up, but the Batmen miraculously escapes injury. Back in town, Robin (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a molten mine. Duke learns of Robin's mine and attempts to lure him to an old uncle in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batmen learns of Duke's mine, and takes Robin's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangsters and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a shower of acid hits an exposed high-voltage wire. There is a blinding flash. Duke and Robin fall, burying the Batmen!

CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin escapes the trap-door and pulls his gun to safety. Linda, now a Zambles, writes a note to the Batmen asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batmen goes there. Duke's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cage of ravenous alligators. It crashes down as the alligators send him into headless attack!

CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batmen's rescue. He bends out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair rush into Duke's lair unseen, and after a terrific battle, overpower Duke and his men. The Batmen orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zambles state to normality. After doing this, Duke, makes a break for freedom, and is suddenly plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batmen and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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1. KING KONG
2. DRACULA
3. PLANET OF THE APES

4. FRANKENSTEIN
5. HORROR OF DRACULA
6. THE WOLFMAN
7. THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON
8. THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE
9. CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN
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AMATEUR FAN MONSTROSITIES

Here we go with this issue's list of amateur FANZINES recently brought to the attention of the GRAVEYARD EXAMINER. Each one has been completely reviewed, and is recommended to readers of FM.

1. L'INCROYABLE CINEMA, second superb issue of the British film-magazine of fantasy & imagination is now available thru its exclusive US agents. Send 50¢ plus 10¢ for postage to Steve & Erwin Vertlieb, 1517 Benner St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19149.

2. ERBivore, a non-profit amateur fanzine published by Philip J. Currie, 1224 Ingledene Dr., Oakville, Ontario, Canada. Subscriptions: 4 issues for \$2. Back issues: #1, #2 & #3 at 50¢ each. Articles & artwork invited.

3. PHOTON... continues to amaze us, in its 18th issue, it features what any professional publication should be proud to publish in Ron Borst's incredibly detailed, exciting coverage of all known screen vampire films. The publication is loaded with artwork on Lugosi, Karloff, Chaney, Lee, and is the stuff of which Ann Radcliffe Awards are made for Gothic excellence. Large & lithe, it's well worth the \$1 asked by editor Mark Frank,

801 Avenue "C", Brooklyn, NY 11218. From past experience we know issues of PHOTON go out of print fast—so, a word to the wise!

4. EPIC, described as the "In" fanzine for today's fans. Available for \$1 from Harry Wasserman, 7611 N. Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53217.

5. LUNA — all the news of the fantasy field, monthly. #6 features a report by Ken Beale on the SF Film Series at the Museum of Modern Art (New York) and Films to Come by Mike Deckinger. Indispensable to the all-around fan and frequently of considerable interest to the strictly filmmonster fan. Sample, 25¢; year, \$3; checks & money orders payable to Franklin M. Dietz Jr., 655 Orchard St., Oradell, NJ 07649. Frequent news by or about FM's editor.

A reminder to all contributors: **WE MUST HAVE A COPY OF YOUR FANZINE** before it can be considered for mention in the GRAVEYARD EXAMINER.

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The Melted Milk Mon (VINCENT PRICE) talks things over with BASIL RATHBONE in *The Facts In The Case Of M. VALDEMAR*.—By BRUCE PAKE.

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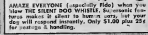
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